The Evening World.

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NEW YORK AS A FIRE RISK.

EVERY time the City of New York is visited with a factory fire disaster it turns fiercely upon the State Industrial Commission and the Fire Prevention Bureaus and demands protection against such tragedies.

The city is entitled to every safeguard that law can provide and inspection enforce. But does it ever examine itself critically as a fire risk?

We all find fault with the authorities and expect them to do things we won't do for ourselves.

One of the great difficulties with New York from the point of view of fire prevention is its total lack of structural symmetry. Nothing is built to fit. A skyscraper adjoins not a skyscraper but a shed. A factory intrudes between a church and a school house. A costly club snuggles up to a garage or a livery stable. Fireproof buildings stand next to tinder boxes. Gas houses go where they please.

In short, architectural adjustments are so eccentric and impossible as to defy intelligent regulation. Uniform rules for fire exits or roof escapes are hopeless where roofs fail to correspond by a dozen stories and buildings outclimb each other like weeds.

The city has stuck to the belief that every man must be allowed to build as he chooses. The result is an architectural huddle. It may be wonderful in its way, but there is no use expecting too much of it.

In Paris and Berlin fire laws fit buildings adjusted to one another. In New York they must cover a chaos.

Rumor has it that Tammany is resigned to Mr. McCall's fate. We are not surprised. Tammany's rule is that the Tammany man in office shall behave himself so that the others won't have to.

PONDERING PREPAREDNESS.

INDICATIONS that the President's national defense programme will have the support of a majority of the nation's legislators, as shown by The World's canvass of Congress, are not weakened by the fact that not every Senator nor every member of the House is ready to commit himself.

Preparedness as an imperative issue has been but a brief time before the country. Remembering this, the amount of definitely stated opinion elicited by The World's queries is beyond what might fairly be expected from cautious members of Congress out of school hours. "I have been too busy trying to save my crops to pay much attention to the Administration's naval plans," declares Representative Helgesen of North Dakota—which expresses the state of mind of many conscientious citizens.

From now on, however, there is no escaping the question. Congressmen must study it. The country must ponder it. According to sound American methods, we shall thresh it out with the militarists on the one hand and the milksops on the other.

In the end the indomitable good sense of the nation can be counted upon to stand on middle ground and get its way as it has before—even with Congress.

A Britisher going home to enlist climbed aboard the American liner St. Louis with two ten-inch sticks of dynamite in his luggage. He hoped to demonstrate an easy way to dig trenches. Uncle Sam will talk it over with him first.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

WITH the death of Booker T. Washington the negro population of the United States loses the best leader and educator it ever had. The country loses the man who has done more than any other to make the liberated negro of the South a self-respecting worker and citizen.

This generation hailed Mr. Washington as the most sincere and persuasive spokesman of his race. He steered clear of politics. He wasted no time on dreams or theories. He devoted his energies first and last to the practical job of teaching the negro to use his head and his muscles. But the teacher nevertheless found time to prove himself an eloquent pleader and a most efficient money getter in the service of the cause to which he gave his life.

Tuskegee Institute was his work and will be his monument. Since he organized it in 1881 he had raised its annual income to nearly $300,000. He made it known and respected throughout the country. He won the esteem and co-operation of college presidents and eminent educators in every section.

Booker T. Washington will be remembered as a man who did much toward solving one of the biggest problems any nation ever faced. He tackled it at the right end. With faith and perseverance he taught the negro to shape his destiny with his own hands. He lifted him from dependence to independence.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Many a man owes his success to his creditors who cannot collect.

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When first tried on prosperity perfectly fits but few.

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It is in favor of the optimist that he is never a dead 'un.—Deseret News.

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Before he gets her he is always paying her attentions. After he gets her he is always paying her bills.

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One of life's greatest mysteries to us is how the most ornery pup usually manages to cop out the prettiest girl.—Columbia State.

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Agriculture is what colleges teach; farming is what men do for a living.

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Most any man is willing to admit that he could have done as well as his more successful friends if he had only thought of it.—Albany Journal.

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There is hardly anything one can give another so unwelcome as advice.—Pittsburgh Sun.

Letters From the People

A Joint Savings Bank Account.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What legal reader will set me right on these points, which may be of value and interest to others placed as I am? If a husband and wife have a joint savings bank account and both die intestate and childless, does the money go to his relatives or to hers? Also, if one of the two dies, does all the money forthwith become the sole property of the survivor? And can either one bequeath the whole sum; or what share thereof? A brief, clear reply to these queries will be of general interest, I think. S. S. E. JR.

Spilled!

By J. H. Cassel

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"I'M sure you are going to be very happy in Swellington Hall," said Mrs. Jarr when she and Mr. and Mrs. Hoker returned from their quest for a nest for the newly wedded pair. Mr. Jarr had also been along, but he did not count. He did not count, although at the moment he was mentally figuring up what it had cost him in taxicab tariffs and for the luncheon of the quartet.

Reaching the appalling sum total in his mind, Mr. Jarr gave another appraising glance at the vapid Claude Hoker, bridegroom. Mr. Jarr had considered Claude Hoker a boob of nature and a simp of sorts. But he was not so sure now, for the bridegroom had gracefully escaped the liabilities incurred in house hunting de luxe.

Young Mrs. Hoker simpered an assent to Mrs. Jarr's opening remark. But she said nothing. The fact was there was one little thing that stood in the way of her perfect happiness as a dweller in Swellington Hall, the high cost of living apartment house, where her husband had just signed a lease for a suite in which every breath they drew would cost them at least a dime.

Mr. Hoker gazed vacantly down into the street from the front window of the Jarr apartment. It was a pleasant late autumn day and the window was open.

"Don't fidget at the window, my darling!" cried the bride sharply to her spouse. "You make me nervous!"

Mr. Hoker sat down promptly.

"And don't slouch!" added the bride. "You're getting round-shouldered!"

Mr. Hoker straightened up and hummed despairingly under his breath.

"And don't hum!" the bride continued. "It's awful bad manners in company. At the Bridge Club tournaments nobody is allowed to hum. If anybody hums at a bridge tournament all the other players rap on the table. So don't hum, Claude, my petikans!"

Mr. Jarr regarded Mr. Hoker with an expression of pity. The honeymoon was over. Marital discipline was beginning for unfortunate petikans.

"And what do you think, Mrs. Jarr? Precious is going to get a suit of clothes and wants to get a gray suit!"

Mrs. Jarr glanced reprovingly at Precious, as though his desire for a gray suit presaged a dormant appetite for the unworthy things of life.

There was no bluff about the new suit. The bride's uncle was a tailor and had presented an order for a suit of clothes as a wedding gift to the happy pair.

"I want a gray suit," murmured Mr. Hoker.

"But you can't have a gray suit, sweetsie," said the bride firmly. "We are going out a good deal this winter, and you must get a brown suit because it will match my furs. I have nothing to wear with your gray suit except my old chinchilla coat."

"But I have two brown suits now," moaned the victim.

"Well, you shall get another, hon," declared the bride. "Brown is very becoming to me, isn't it, Mrs. Jarr?"

Mrs. Jarr said it was, and the unhappy newly married man moaned again.

Mr. Jarr winced. The sufferings of the victim were pitiful to see. "I think I'll step out for a bit of fresh air," he said. "Like to come out, Hoker?"

"Sure," said the unhappy Hoker, rising to his feet.

"Would precious leave its honeykins?" asked the bride in a menacing tone.

Honeykins dropped back into his seat.

"Could I have a drink of water?" he murmured feebly.

"Water isn't good for you, lovey," said young Mrs. Hoker quickly. "Water is fattening."

"But I'm dreadfully thirsty," muttered the unfortunate captive.

"Are you so selfish that you would guzzle water when I ask you not to?" inquired the bride. Here she commenced to weep. "Little did I think," she sobbed, "that my tootledums would ever be so selfish!"

The bride burst into tears again, and Mrs. Jarr gave Mr. Jarr an indignant glance. Mr. Jarr gazed at the unfortunate Hoker with a compassionate sigh.

The bridegroom butterfly days were all over now.

He was getting the discipline meted out to all married males. His wife was tenderly noting his every desire and then denying it to him!

Mr. Jarr Watches the Crushing Of One "Bridegroom Butterfly."

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

SIGNS that the honeymoon is over: When he kisses her with his hat on his head, his eye on the clock and his hand on the doorknob.

A self-made man may brag about his "maker"; but a self-made beauty keeps her origin dark.

The greatest miracle that could happen to any woman would be to be made love to by just one man in a way neither to shock her with its suddenness nor to wear out her patience with its inertia.

After a few years a husband never forgets to kiss his wife every morning and evening, but by that time he would do anything on earth to avoid a discussion.

Suddenly falling out of love gives you that same deadly sickening sensation as being in an elevator that stops with a jolt.

The woman who broods over her husband's past flirtations is as foolish as the man who weeps over the bottles he emptied the night before. It isn't what he's had, dearie, but what he HASN'T had that interests any man.

No man was ever so bald that a woman couldn't make him blush with pleasure by remarking what a pretty color his hair must have been.

When your husband telephones that he is "dying to see you and will do his best to break away from a business appointment in time to get home for dinner, BUT"—— you may safely let the maid go off, and prepare for a long, quiet evening of undisturbed repose, because he has already reserved a table, and has the tickets for the girl-girly show in his pocket.

Kiss: A combination of curiosity, sentiment, lip-salve, sachet, long practice and stale cigarettes.

Pop's Mutual Motor

By Alma Woodward

IT was not until Ma had carved and served Pop that she noticed the little, flickering smile playing about his lips. It was not a healthy smile—it was cryptic and guilty. It riled Ma.

"Now what have you gone and done?" she asked suspiciously.

"I'm smiling because to-night I'm going to make some real money out of the car—first blood—see?"

"What! You're going to sell it after you prevented me from doing it last week?" gasped Ma indignantly.

"Of course not. Why should I want to sell something I can make money on?"

"I don't understand you," declared Ma coldly. "Don't try to make a good story of it because you always forget the point. Just tell facts and"——

"Billy Masters lives in Swamp Hills," interrupted Pop. "He's bought his house—he can't sell—so he's gotta stay there. Three months ago the big stuff of a Mayor of Swamp Hills got hold of a piece of one of the engines of the Maine. He had a granite pedestal built and inscribed and put it up at a crossroads near Billy's house, all worked round with an iron fence. The thing has Billy's goat—it looks like the lid of an old coal range, and all his friends give him the ha-ha when they see it. So he's paying me $10 to go up there to-night in the car and kidnap the relic. Then, what will be the consternation of the town when they wake up in the morning and find that some one's eloped with the scrap iron!"

"Stop chuckling!" commanded Ma. "Are you crazy or only simple? Do you want to be prosecuted by law? Do you want to be fined and jailed and get your name into the papers as a common thief?"

"Don't be foolish," pacified Pop. "It's a lark. Up in a hole like Swamp Hills who's around after dark? Folks go to bed at 8 P. M. I'm earning ten dollars and Billy's gratitude. Beside that I have some fun. Who'll be there to catch me?"

Just then the phone trilled imperiously. Pop went to answer it.

"Oh, it's you, Jim?" Ma heard him say. "Well, if you want to make a date for to-night, I can't—got one already. Say, what's the matter with your voice, it sounds awful funny? Arrested? Fifty dollars bail! Want me to come up with it—where? Swamp Hills? What'd they get you for? Using a cut-out? Gee! Motorcycle cop on every corner—all night service—out for suckers—for the love of Pete you don't say! All right, Jim, I'll speed it up with the fifty. Goodby."

"I wonder whether Billy Masters was trying to double cross me," he mused aloud, "saying Swamp Hills was as silent as the tomb after 8 o'clock? All for a measly ten spot, too!"

"Fifty minus a possible ten equals forty to the bad," murmured Ma. And this time SHE smiled cryptically.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 73.—THE LAZARETTE OF THE HUNTRESS, by W. Clark Russell.

WILLIAM PEPLOE, a country clergyman's son, found himself, one day in 1853, penniless and forlorn, on the East India docks in London. He was alone in the world. He had no trade nor profession. He had but one ambition—to get out to Australia, where he had heard there were fortunes to be made.

But he had no way of getting to Australia. He had no money, and as he was ignorant of the sea he could not hope to work his passage. So he stood looking upward at the huge bulk of the 1,400-ton frigate-built ship Huntress, which was to set out for Sydney, Australia, the same afternoon, carrying the colony's new Governor and a swarm of lesser dignitaries and capitalists.

At a waterside tavern that day Peploe chanced to meet a sailor, Jem Back, who accosted him as an old friend. Peploe recognized the man as a former parishioner of his father's. Jem was now under-steward aboard the Huntress. Peploe begged for a chance to sail on the outgoing ship. Jem, for old times' sake, finally offered to stow him away in the lazarette, bidding him keep out of sight until it should be too late to put him ashore.

The Stowaway.

Accordingly, when the Huntress left port she carried one unlisted and invisible passenger, Mr. William Peploe. Guided (and provisioned) by Jem Back, he had crawled through a trap door forward of the stern cabin's bulkheads and into the hold, where he barked his shins over sharp edges of cargo boxes that seemed to move toward him from all sides through the dense blackness.

Peploe found his way to a recess behind some casks, where he prepared to wait until it should be safe to venture forth. There he sat, clutching the canvas bag of biscuits and the water bottles that Jem had given him. All about him was impenetrable and ill-smelling darkness. Presently, as the Huntress got under way, seasickness was added to his stock of miseries.

After a time the tired stowaway fell asleep. He was awakened by the opening of the hatchway. Some one was coming into the lazarette. Peploe peered from behind the casks and held his breath.

The newcomer moved stealthily. Peploe saw him close the hatch behind him, then flash a bullseye lantern from side to side as if exploring the place. The man was pale, with grizzled beard, long hair and wildly staring eyes.

Peploe saw him draw from his pocket a brass cylinder, affix a line to it and attach the line's other end to a black keg. Then the intruder drew out a key, wound up the cylinder as though it were a clock and crept away, leaving Peploe alone once more in the lazarette.

The stowaway groped forward in keen curiosity toward the cylinder. The thing was ticking. And all at once Peploe understood. It was an infernal machine. The line was a fuse, and it connected with a powder keg.

With one wrench Peploe tore away the fuse. Then he rushed blindly to the hatch and thence made his way to the deck, where he hailed the first officer he met.

"I'm just out of your lazarette," gasped the panic-stricken Peploe, "where I've saved the ship from having her stern blown out!"

He was dragged to the Captain's cabin, and there he told his story. Investigation was made at once. The stowaway's report was proved true.

A Plot Frustrated.

Peploe vividly described the man he had seen in the lazarette. The description fitted one John Howland, a steerage passenger. The Captain sent for him. But he sent too late.

Howland was found lying in his berth, a razor in his hand, his throat cut from ear to ear.

Long afterward a bottle he had thrown into the sea was picked up on a beach in the Azores. The bottle contained a letter from the suicide saying that he sought revenge on a Magistrate who was on board the Huntress and who had once unjustly sent the writer to prison.

"I am sorry," the letter continued, "for the many who must suffer because of the sins of one. But that one must perish."

The Woman Who Dared

By Dale Drummond

CHAPTER XVI.

DURING the days following the park incident I had thought much of my part in it. Carefully I looked back to the first time I had met George Lattimore, and in nothing could I blame myself. I had not told Haskall. He had not come in to dinner, and the longer I thought about it the more I feared he might not understand or believe how utterly unprovoked the insult, as I considered it, had been. Unless I had further cause for complaint, I felt it was wiser to keep still.

In the shining lateness of the afternoon I returned from a call upon Mrs. Larkin. A great friendship had grown up between us, to which Haskall made no objections. I started up the steps just as a man turned to come down. I paused, startled. The dark eyes of Eric Lucknow gazed down at me.

I made the rest of my way up, almost frightened at the wave of gladness that rushed over me.

"When did you return? How do you do!" I said inanely, as I took his outstretched hand.

"I came back only this morning."

He made no excuses for coming to see me. I was glad that he did not.

"Won't you come in?" James had opened the door.

"No, thank you, it is late. I have been here before, earlier in the afternoon. I will call to-morrow, if I may."

When Haskall came in I was asleep. In the morning I told him of my call on Mrs. Larkin, and of meeting Eric Lucknow, who had returned, on the steps.

"That's right! go to Mrs. Larkin's all you want to. The old man may be of use to me. He's the shrewdest man of my acquaintance. As for Lucknow, he can keep away."

Just then the telephone rang, a very unusual thing at that time in the morning. As Haskall made no move I answered it.

"Yes, this is 1919. No, Mr. Burroughs is still here. Would you like to speak to him?"

Haskall snatched the receiver from my hand.

"What right have you to listen to my messages? I'll have this phone disconnected!" he stormed. Then: "Hello! Yes, this is Burroughs, go ahead. What? I don't quite understand. Yes, at eleven. All right. Goodby."

It had been a woman who called him.

Neither of us spoke again until we were at the breakfast table.

"I have to go downtown this morning, Haskall," I commenced, remembering my good resolutions and trying to speak as if nothing had happened. "Could you meet me somewhere for luncheon?"

"No. I have an engagement."

"Not if we had a late luncheon?" recalling that he had mentioned 11 o'clock.

"Didn't I tell you I had an engagement!" Then, "A woman's place is at home. Eat your luncheon here."

"Does Madelaine Arnott stay at home?" I asked, quietly, but I was afraid to look at him.

"She has no husband," Haskall replied, shortly.

"So she takes other women's."

I was sorry the moment I said it. But I had allowed myself to indulge in false hopes again, and so was stung into replying foolishly.

"Haskall," I continued, "you remember, I told you I must have friends, people, both men and women, who were congenial, who visited me. I intend to have them. I tell you so that should you come home and find them here you cannot say I have done anything without telling you. Did you not neglect me I should care nothing for others; but I can endure my loneliness no longer."

He made no reply, but I was happier that I had taken a stand of some sort.

All the morning I was uneasy. His appointment of eleven o'clock with some woman meant probably that he was going to take her somewhere to luncheon. I tormented myself with the thought that it might be Madelaine Arnott. I had become obsessed with the idea that she was to prove my Nemesis—and his.

(To Be Contin.. d.)

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett.

A Simple Plan Which Changed the Mental Attitude of This Office Force.

"TO the normal individual work in reasonable amounts is as necessary as food in maintaining a healthy and happy frame of mind," said an executive who is a keen student of human nature. "Recreation loses its zest unless indulged in sparingly as a change from work.

"But for work to exert its beneficent effect the worker must feel that it is of real value; that he is accomplishing something worth while. This is why the perfunctory efforts exerted in a gymnasium fail as a substitute for useful labor.

"Hence many workers in minor capacities lack interest in their labors.

"This was a condition which prevailed in our office up to a couple of years ago.

"After devoting some thought to the problem a simple solution occurred to me. The members of the office force took no interest in their tasks because the work seemed pointless and futile.

"I at once installed a system whereby the clerks were conducted through the plant in groups. They followed the manufacture of our product from the raw material to the finished article. And their own connection with all this activity was made clear.

"The change in their attitudes was amazing. They began to see that they were very useful cogs in the great wheel of industry. They returned to their desks with a feeling that their efforts counted in the great scheme of things.

"The quality of their work promptly improved; they ceased to watch the clock; they felt that although the niche they occupied might be small it was indispensable. A spirit of co-operation developed. I wonder that I never realized the value of this idea years before."